

ALL THIS WIND SHAKES NO CORN

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EXT. CITY SKYLINE - DAWN

The sunrise breaks over a quiet city. Lines of cabs stand in wait for their fares. Coffee shops unlock their doors, fresh coffee pots brewing. The hustle of the day is about to begin.

EXT. SMALL TOWN SKYLINE - DAWN

The sun also rises over a small midwest town. Sprinklers turn on, animals graze, one of those little plastic windmills spins on a front porch. Even when this town wakes up, the word *hustle* just doesn't exist.

As the world wakes up, the screen splits. All of the split screen actions of both characters below match each other's timing. A quirky, weirdly upbeat song (like Guster's *Look Alive*) takes us through the split screen narrative.

INT. CITY CONDO - BEDROOM

On the left, TREVOR DALY, mid 50s, a cool, slick-looking day trader and white collar type (even when he's asleep) wakes up in a high-end bedroom with fancy-looking sheets. They're at least 800 thread count. His wife, in bed next to him, doesn't stir. He doesn't look at her as he gets out of bed.

INT. SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

On the right, DOUG WELSH, mid 50s, a gentle-looking local handyman and blue-collar type (he looks like the young, lovable grandpa we all wish we had) wakes up in a country bedroom, under a worn-looking set of sheets and hand-quilted covers. His wife, PATTY, in bed next to him, doesn't stir. He looks at her, smiles with nothing but warm hugs and love in his eyes, and gets out of bed.

INT. CITY CONDO - BATHROOM

On the left, Trevor brushes his teeth, and bends out of frame to spit.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BATHROOM

On the right, Doug brushes his teeth, and bends out of frame to spit.

INT. CITY CONDO - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor straightens a tie in the mirror.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

On the right, Doug buttons his flannel in the mirror.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

On the left, Trevor pulls up to his office building - it's surrounded by police cars. TWO POLICE OFFICERS walk up and attempt to put cuffs on him. Trevor's eyes go wide with anger, as he starts to try to run away camera left.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - KITCHEN

On the right, Doug walks into his kitchen and notices something on the ground. Doug's eyes go wide with panic, as he starts to lunge forward camera right.

INT. CITY CONDO - KITCHEN

On the left, Trevor stands arguing with his WIFE. She storms out of the room, as Trevor stands in frigid disbelief.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - KITCHEN

On the right, paramedics wheel out a gurney, as Doug stands in emotional shock.

EXT. COURTHOUSE

On the left, Trevor exits a courthouse, and stands alone. He's just been through his arraignment for his white collar crimes.

EXT. CEMETERY

On the right, Doug walks up to the front of a casket at his wife's funeral, and stands alone, ready to give the eulogy.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON

On the left, Trevor stands outside the fence of a prison, as it closes behind him. He's wearing the same suit as when he was arraigned, and holds some personal effects. He looks around, and is very clearly alone.

EXT. CEMETERY

On the right, Doug stands over his wife's headstone, looking down. He looks around, and is very clearly alone.

INT. CITY CONDO - ENTRANCEWAY

On the left, Trevor opens the door on a mostly empty apartment. He looks camera left, and notices his car keys hanging on a hook. A Post-It note hangs next to it - he reaches for it: "Left you the Tesla, burned the rest. Fuck You, Donna." He crumples up the note, shakes his head, and walks out of frame.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - ENTRANCEWAY

On the right, Doug opens the door on his living room. He looks camera right, and notices a few of Patty's jackets and a scarf hanging on a hook. He reaches for the scarf and holds it for a few moments, sighs, and walks out of frame.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. CITY CONDO - BEDROOM

On the left, TREVOR wakes up in a high-end but stark room on a bare mattress. He's alone.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

On the right, DOUG wakes up in a country bedroom, under a worn-looking set of sheets and hand-quilted covers. He's alone.

INT. CITY CONDO - BATHROOM

On the left, Trevor brushes his teeth, now with tired bags under his eyes. He bends out of frame to spit.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BATHROOM

On the right, Doug brushes his teeth, his eyes red with sleeplessness. He bends out of frame to spit.

INT. CITY CONDO - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor straightens a tie in the mirror. This time, it looks more like habit than intention. After a beat, he pulls off the tie and walks out of frame.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

On the right, Doug buttons his flannel, but has trouble with the buttons. He gives up and walks out of frame.

INT. CITY CONDO - KITCHEN

On the left, Trevor packs a few small boxes.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - KITCHEN

On the right, Doug packs a lunch.

INT. CITY CONDO - ENTRANCEWAY

On the left, Trevor walks to his front door, boxes in arms. He puts them down, and surveys the empty room behind him. He takes out his keys, tosses them on the ground, and leaves.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - ENTRANCEWAY

On the right, Doug walks to his front door, lunchbox in his arm. He surveys the homey-yet-empty room behind him and glances upstairs to where his wife would be sleeping. He grabs the keys off a hook, takes a beat, and leaves.

EXT. CITY CONDO - PARKING GARAGE

On the left, Trevor pulls his fancy Tesla Model S out of the underground garage and makes a left, driving out of frame.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY

On the right, Doug pulls his old 1948 Chevy Series 3100 pickup truck out of his driveway and makes a right, driving out of frame.

EXT. CITY HIGHWAY - DAY

On the left, Trevor drives out of the big city, wearing Prada sunglasses. As he drives, the city quickly fades from skyscrapers to industrial to suburban to rural.

EXT. SMALL TOWN ROADS - DAY

On the right, Doug drives on rural roads, which slowly turn into a small downtown area. He's wearing cheap gas station sunglasses.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GAS STATION

On the left, Trevor pulls into an old gas station for snacks.

EXT. SMALL TOWN GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

On the right, Doug pulls away from a gas pump, revealing Trevor's car behind his. They don't notice each other.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor pulls up to a large country home. The grass is slightly overgrown, and the paint is in some serious need of touch ups. It's clear no one has been here in a while. Trevor gets out of his car, hands on his hips, and looks at the house for a beat. He sighs, and starts to walk toward the house.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

On the right, Doug pulls up to a little cafe. He gets out of his truck, hands on his hips, and looks at the cafe for a beat. He sighs, and starts to walk toward the cafe.

The split screen now pushes Doug's story away as we follow Trevor into the house. The song ends.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

Trevor enters the musty old house, carrying a box. Dust hangs in the air and gently covers everything in sight. He sets down the box and looks around. This is NOT where he expected to end up...

INT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

Doug enters the cafe, a place he's been coming to for years. The workers and patrons all know him, and know what he's been through. They give him friendly looks and smiles. BRIDGET, the owner of the cafe, stands rolling silverware behind the counter. She also gives Doug a friendly nod and smile, without missing a beat from her silverware rolling rhythm.

Doug orders a few drinks and pastries, and heads out.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Doug hands a hot drink and a pastry to a HOMELESS PERSON sitting outside.

HOMELESS PERSON

Bless you, Doug!

DOUG

All happiness depends on a leisurely breakfast...

HOMELESS PERSON

John Gunther! That's a good one!

Their daily game of breakfast quote trivia done, Doug cracks a sad smile, nods, heads to his truck and leaves.

EXT. HARRIETTA'S HOUSE

Doug pulls up to a run-down ranch-style house. Waiting on the porch is HARRIETTA, early 80s, one of Doug's long-time customers. She smiles and waves, as Doug walks up and hands her one of the hot drinks from the cafe.

DOUG

Morning, 'Etta. Mocha latte, oat milk, warm, not hot.

HARRIETTA

You always know how to start a girl's day right, Doug.

This is their routine. He smiles that same sad smile, then grabs his 6-step ladder from the back of his truck, and gets to work emptying her storm drains. She stands with a big trash bag, watches and carries on the usual conversation.

HARRIETTA (CONT'D)

...and just because I didn't yell "BINGO" loud enough, Francine won the game! Can you imagine? She shows up 30 minutes late and has the audacity to pull a win right out from under me! I haven't won a game since Ginny got me an extra Bingo card for Christmas! 2017!

Doug nods and smiles, half listening, half somewhere else. He finishes, and Harrietta offers him money, but he refuses to take it.

HARRIETTA (CONT'D)

One of these days you're gonna have to start letting me pay you, Douglas. Well, tell you what, next time you swing by, I'll have a fresh pie waiting for you. You like apple, right?

DOUG

I love apple, Etta. And that's a deal. See ya next week.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Doug closes the door, and talks to the empty seat next to him.

DOUG

Nope, not once. 30 years, and not a single pie.

Doug grins to himself, and heads out.

EXT. BANK

Doug arrives at the bank. He looks down at his watch - it reads "9:20" - he's 20 minutes late.

DOUG

Dangit. Todd's gonna kill me.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Doug walks into the bank, tool belt and ladder in hand. He's slightly out of breath from rushing. He looks around, and sets the ladder up next to a dark sconce on the wall and starts to work on fixing the broken light. A few CUSTOMERS have started coming in as well. The BANK MANAGER, TODD, early 30s and a bit high strung (as high strung as a bank manager in a small town can be), speaks to a CUSTOMER, but is distracted by Doug, who appears to be talking to himself. He glances at his watch, then back to Doug.

DOUG

...yeah, I know, but I think I need to re-strip the wires underneath. The contacts are probably rusted... yes, no, it's not the bulb...

The Bank Manager says goodbye to the Customer, and walks over to Doug. He doesn't look happy, as he motions for Doug to follow him into his cubicle.

TODD

Doug, would you please step into my office?

INT. BANK MANAGER'S CUBICLE

Todd sits down across from Doug, playing with a cartoon stress ball through their entire exchange. Doug has trouble making eye contact, and looks generally defeated.

TODD

9:00am, Doug. The bank *opens* at 9:00am sharp. You do realize that we all get here early so that we can have maintenance done *before* the customers come in. Your little "ladder" (in air quotes) there is an eyesore and a liability during business hours, not to mention that it's unprofessional for a bank to have a crazy old man talking to himself in the middle of the lobby. You freak out the clientele, Doug, and you're kinda starting to freak me out, too.

DOUG

Todd, listen, I'm sorry about being late, but you know how chatty Etta can get in the morning-

TODD

Look, Doug, I've been gracious up until now, but there's only so far your relationship with my father will go here. Last warning, ok? If you're late again, I'm going to need to start thinking about finding a faster, punctual, less crazy solution to our basic maintenance needs.

Doug nods, deflated, and sits awkwardly for an introspective moment.

TODD (CONT'D)

Oh, you can go now.

DOUG

Oh, right. Sorry. I promise you, Todd, I won't let you down.

Doug gets up and leaves, while Todd continues to play with his cartoon stress ball.

TODD

(to the stress ball)

That guy's crazy, right?

Todd laughs at himself, then starts to stand up to address the room.

TODD (CONT'D)

Alright, who's looking for some sound financial direction?

Todd smiles and looks around, as none of the customers react to him.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Trevor walks around the dusty living room, running his fingers along dust-covered moldings. The quiet is deafening, and he has no idea what to do here.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Trevor climbs the stairs and opens the door to his old bedroom. It's smaller than he remembers. Dust covers the few items still here - a dresser with a few small boxes on top (trophies and framed photos stick out), a bare mattress propped against a wall, and old sheets covering the windows.

Trevor pulls a sheet off the window and allows bright, warm rays of sunshine to blast into the room. For a moment, he has to let his eyes adjust. It's quiet and comforting in here, yet still kind of eerie. He's someplace he never thought he'd be again.

He looks at a few of the trinkets on the shelves and in boxes, not really connecting with any of it.

He looks at the mattress, and starts to think.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Trevor drags the bare mattress into the living room, and lets it fall in the middle of the room. He grabs a sleeping bag from the corner and rolls it out on top of the mattress. As he finishes, he notices the basement door, slightly ajar.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT - MORNING

Trevor walks down the creaky old stairs into the unfinished basement - metal shelves scattered throughout, exposed wooden ceiling beams, etc. A few dirty windows allow the sunlight to gently press through. He surveys the abandoned junk, until his eyes land on an antique gun cabinet sitting against the back wall. He walks over to it and opens it up, revealing an old 12-gauge shotgun and a half-empty box of shells. Something familiar flashes in his eyes, and after a beat, he closes the cabinet.

WIPE TO BLACK.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BACK PORCH

The back porch door opens, a continuation of the motion of the closing cabinet door from the previous scene. Trevor steps out, tries to wipe off a wicker chair with a handkerchief, sits down and takes out his cell phone. He dials.

TREVOR

Hey, yeah it's Trevor Daly.

(beat, then)

...Trevor. Daly. Who's this? Oh, no idea. Anyway, I just got back in town, and I'm looking to rent out the back half of the bar for a little welcome back reunion.

(beat, then)

Oh, let's say 20 people for now? Maybe more.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter to you though, does it? There's never more than 4 people there at a time anyway, right? When everyone hears that Trevor Daly's back in town, there's gonna be a shitstorm of excitement. We're gonna wake this little town up!

(beat, then)

...Daly. D-A-L-Y. Yeah. 8pm.

Trevor hangs up, looking a bit frazzled by the fact that someone in the universe didn't know who he was. He looks at his phone, and starts to dial again.

HARD CUT:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Yeah, hey, it's Trevor Daly - is Matt there? Oh, he moved? Do you know where to? Hawaii? Got it. Well... what are you up to tonight?

HARD CUT:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hey Mrs. T - looking for Joel. Oh really? When? 15 years? Geez, ok. Thanks.

He hangs up.

HARD CUT:

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Justin! It's Trevor... Daly. Yeah, been a minute, right?! Listen, they're having this little... oh, sorry, what? Uh, yeah, sure, I was just gonna say they're having this little party for me tonight... oh, yeah, sure, I'll call back later.

He hangs up. He pauses for a minute - where are all of his people? He thinks, then slowly picks up the phone and dials again. It rings for a while, until the most adorable little voice answers.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.)

Hello, this is the Rooko residence, how are you today?

Trevor hears the voice, and quickly hangs up the phone. Apparently this was a call he didn't intend to make.

He looks at his phone for a beat, and for the first time we see a slight look of fear in his eyes.

YOUNG GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

Trevor hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET

Doug pulls up to an adorable little main street, lined with businesses. He gets out and heads in to a travel agency, carrying a cup of coffee.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Doug walks in, and walks right up to the front desk. The CLERK behind the counter, ALLEN, greets him with their usual banter. On the wall next to them hangs a beautiful abstract painting.

ALLEN

Morning, Doug! How you holding up today?

DOUG

Morning, Allen. Every day is a new day, right? I miss the heck out of her, but she's always with me.

Doug hands Allen the coffee.

ALLEN

That's a great way to look at it, and I completely agree. Thanks for the caffeine, as always! I can't believe it's already Tuesday. So, what can I do for you today?

DOUG

Actually, I was hoping I could take a look at some info about Hawaii? She always wanted to go to Hawaii...

ALLEN

Yes, of course! Just a sec.

Allen steps away to gather some pamphlets for Doug, while Doug turns to look at his wife's painting on the wall.

It's the real reason he comes in every week. The work is beautiful and abstract, aspirational and colorful, and seems to fit perfectly on the wall. Doug smiles a sad smile.

DOUG

(quietly, to the painting)
 Hey, love. I hope you don't mind, I had to come see you. This week has been more tough than usual... waking up without you next to me never seems right. I feel like I'm going through the motions, but there's always something missing... you. And to top it off, I'm pretty sure Todd is about to fire me. And waiting for an apple pie from Etta isn't exactly going to keep the bills paid... I just wish you were here to talk to... you were so good at keeping me... inspired...

Allen comes back with the pamphlets, and awkwardly interrupts Doug, who's not sure exactly how long Allen was standing there listening.

ALLEN

(clearing his throat)
 Umm, here you go, Doug. Some good info on Maui, Oahu and the Big Island. Take a look and let me know if you have any questions! Did you know that the Big Island actually has the smallest population of all the islands? I hear it's magical...

DOUG

Thanks, Allen. See ya next week.

ALLEN

Be good, Doug!

Allen gets lost in busy work, as Doug turns to leave. He glances at the painting one last time, blows it a gentle kiss, and walks out the door.

EXT. TRAVEL AGENCY - CONTINUOUS

Doug returns to his truck and throws the brochure on the passenger seat.

DOUG

We're gonna get there, love, I promise.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I mean, look, now at least the flights will be half the price, right?

It's the kind of awful joke she would have lovingly hit him in the shoulder for, but realizing the significance of his statement, he starts to break down in the driver's seat. We stay with him for the duration, until he eventually breaks out of it.

He looks sadly at the passenger seat one more time, then puts the truck in gear to head off to dinner.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Sorry, that was a bad one. Know your audience, Doug.

EXT. BAR - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A lone dive bar sits just off the main road. It's like Roadhouse, with way less swagger.

Trevor pulls up in his out-of-place Tesla, stopping a bit too fast and kicking up dirt and dust behind him. He gets out and looks around at the rest of the cars in the lot - a handful of beat-up sedans, a motorcycle, and Doug's classic pickup truck. Trevor eyes it conspicuously, but doesn't miss a beat as his city lungs start to cough from all the dust. He heads inside.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Trevor walks in, and looks around at an unfamiliar scene - a small town dive bar at dinner time. The crowd is light - a handful of locals don't nearly fill the space: TWO OLD REGULARS sit at the middle of the bar; A SLEEPING WOMAN lies hunched over in a corner booth, sudoku book still open, beer half empty and a delicate pool of drool starting to form on the book pages; and Doug, alone at the far end of the bar with a book, a beer and a sad looking iceberg-heavy salad. It looks like he's kept a seat open next to him, no doubt a force of habit for when his wife would join him. Doug's head remains stationary, but his eyes glance up - he immediately recognizes who this is, and wants nothing to do with him. Doug returns to his book, seemingly unfazed.

Trevor notices TAMMY, mid-40s, standing near the end of the bar next to Doug. She rinses and dries glassware behind the bar, throwing mildly interested glances between whatever sports are playing on the few TVs around the bar, Doug, and the rest of the customers.

This is Tammy's turf, and she knows everyone here like they were her drunk, unemployed extended family.

Finally, Trevor's eyes settle on one dark, sad corner of the bar. A banner hangs, half-assed both in its creation and in its hanging. "WELCOME BACK, TREVOR DAILY" is lazily handwritten in big, bold Sharpie. There's a flicker of near-unintelligible disappointment that flashes across Trevor's face, followed immediately by the return of his cocky ego.

He saunters up to the bar and, ignoring any rules of personal space, lands himself directly next to Doug. He stands over the stool that Doug looked to be saving. Doug keeps his nose in his book.

TREVOR

Yeah, hey. Are you the one I spoke to on the phone?

Tammy slowly glances up. Her response is a simple, slowly raised eyebrow.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...well, I'm Trevor. Daly. D-A-L-Y.

(a silent beat, then)

Well, anyway. I don't think one typo is gonna confuse people too much when they get here.

(another silent beat, then)

Lively place you got here - is it always this rowdy?

The camera reveals the same dead scene we saw a few moments ago.

TAMMY

Can I get you something to drink?

TREVOR

Let's start with two pitchers of your most expensive beer. Do you have any local brews?

TAMMY

Pitchers of Bud Light are on happy hour until 9.

TREVOR

Alright, any fancy imports?

TAMMY

We have Heineken.

TREVOR
 (under his breath)
 Fuck, seriously?
 (to Tammy)
 Alright, two pitchers of Heineken,
 then!

TAMMY
 They're served by the bottle.

INT. BAR - LATER

In his "party corner," Trevor stands alone playing darts, a half empty pint of beer in his hand. It's clear he's not quite so steady on his feet anymore. On his reserved tables sit a bunch of bottles of Heineken in melted ice bins, and a mostly-empty pitcher of flat-looking light beer. He tosses a dart in the general direction of the dart board, and misses the board completely. He grabs the pitcher of beer and makes his way up to the bar. Doug still sits in the same spot, his salad plate now cleared, his beer still bubbly and full.

TREVOR
 (to Tammy)
 Fill 'er up, *high octane* this time.

Tammy looks up at him from her phone. She's still not enjoying his presence.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 ...another pitcher of Bud Light, if
 you please.

Tammy takes the empty pitcher, and goes to fill up a new one.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 (with growing bravado, so
 everyone can hear)
 Ya know, I can't say I'm surprised
 at the turnout. Everyone's probably
 already asleep. There's no reason
 to be awake in this town. Does this
 shithole even show up on GPS?

Tammy hands him back a half-filled pitcher of beer and walks away, back to her phone.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Hey, you should come play darts.
 You don't have anyone to serve,
 anyway. We can play for your tip!

TAMMY

(not looking up from her
phone)

Sorry, I'm real busy right now.
I've got to try to figure out how
to get this shithole to show up on
a GPS.

TREVOR

Oh, come on. It was a joke! This
has got to be the only bar in town,
right? So, obviously it's the best
bar in the neighborhood!

With this, Trevor swings the pitcher as he talks, spilling
beer everywhere.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Oh, shit. Ha, my bad.

Doug, who up to this point has been trying not to be noticed,
now has beer splashed on his book and clothes. He takes a
slow breath, and looks up to Trevor.

DOUG

I think maybe you should think
about calling it a night.

TREVOR

(turning to find the timid
voice)

Who the f... wait, I know you,
don't I?

Doug uses a few tiny bar napkins to try to dry himself off,
as he stands to start to leave. He doesn't respond to Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Wait, wait... don't tell me...
Dan... Drew... Dennis...

DOUG

Douglas.

TREVOR

Holy. Shit. Doug? Doug *Welsh*? From
fucking high school?

Doug motions to Tammy for his tab.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Doug! Jesus, it's been what, 40
years?!

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here?
Don't tell me you still live in
this armpit of a town... What did
we call you back in the day?
Dougie... Dig-A-Hole! Little
Dougie Dig-A-Hole. You used to sit
outside during lunch and dig for
worms! You were such a freak!

There we go - that's the Trevor that Doug remembered. The narcissistic bully from grade school.

Doug finishes gathering his stuff, takes a final sip of beer and drops some cash on the bar. He ignores Trevor's building excitement as he starts to leave.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hang on, leaving already? I'm
having a little shindig for my big
return home.

Doug looks to the empty party corner, then back at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

The invite list was pretty elite,
I'm sure they'll be getting here
soon. Have a beer, there's plenty.

DOUG

Thanks, I've got to get home.

TREVOR

You're at a bar by yourself at 8
o'clock on a Tuesday night, I
highly doubt there's anything even
remotely exciting to go home to.
Unless, don't tell me, you've got
your little freak wife at home
cooking up some worm pie for
dessert?

Buttons. Pushed. Doug's face flushes red, and for the first time we see what an angry Doug looks like. He quickly reaches up and shoves Trevor. It's not so hard, but Trevor's had a few, stumbles and falls backwards. He grasps for a handhold, and ends up falling on the stool Doug was sitting next to, smashing it to pieces.

Doug, still red and now with tears welling in his eyes, takes a moment to look at the smashed stool, turns and exits.

DOUG

(almost to himself as he
hurries out)

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Sorry, Tammy, I... I'll take care
of it tomorrow.

Trevor, in a bit of shock from being shoved to the ground by the kid he used to bully, gets up as quickly as possible. He consciously replaces his look of shock with his usual pompous cockiness.

TREVOR

What the fuck was that? Guy can't
take a "worm" joke.

TAMMY

(toweling off the spilled
beer on the bar)

Doug and his wife have been coming
here every Tuesday night for 35
years, and you just smashed her
stool with your drunken ego.

TREVOR

Well, I don't see her here to
defend her precious throne.

TAMMY

That's probably because she passed
away last year.

Tammy points to a framed picture behind the bar - it's Doug and his Wife, smiling, sitting in their usual corner of the bar. They're happy. Tammy walks away.

Trevor is taken aback by this new info. For a moment, he has a flash of clarity, and maybe even remorse. He fishes out a wad of cash, drops it on the bar and heads out to catch up with Doug.

TREVOR

(to Tammy)

If anyone shows up for me, tell 'em
they missed a damn rager!

EXT. BAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Outside the bar, Doug sits in his truck. He's having trouble starting it, and looks like he's still upset.

Trevor stumbles out of the bar, a shade more sober than when we saw him moments before. He hears the sound of Doug trying to turn over his engine, and heads over to Doug's truck.

TREVOR

Hey, Douggie... Doug. I was just messing around with you back there! I had no idea about the wifey!

DOUG

Don't. Just leave me alone and let me get my truck started.

TREVOR

Man, I'm trying to apologize! It's just a fucking stool!

Doug shakes his head, and just keeps trying to start his truck.

DOUG

Looks like you haven't changed a bit. Once a bully, always a bully.

TREVOR

Wait, what? Come on, are you still mad at me over some stupid shit I did when we were kids?

No response from Doug.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Alright, fine. Look, you wanna even the score? Get back at me for all the stupid worm jokes and a broken piece of furniture? Let's do this. Get out of the truck and hit me. Hit me as hard as you can. Come on, space monkey! Fight Club me!

Trevor lightly shadow boxes in his place, gets a bit carried away, and accidentally knocks Doug's side-view mirror off.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Fuck.

Trevor kneels down and grabs the broken mirror. He hands it to Doug, and half-heartedly laughs to try to ease the tension. No dice.

The truck finally starts. Doug revs his engine under his words.

DOUG

It's hard to hear your half-hearted apologies through that thick, drunk ego.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Also, the word "sorry" is usually mixed into apologies somewhere. Get home, Trevor. Sober up.

Doug's truck pulls away, kicking up dust and leaving Trevor alone in the parking lot, coughing.

TREVOR

(to himself)

Welcome back, Trevor. This is gonna be awesome.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Back to split screens.

On the left, it's 7am - Trevor's alarm goes off. His sleepy arm reaches out and smacks it off.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

On the right, it's 7am - Doug's alarm goes off. He deftly turns it off and gets out of bed.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor reaches for a glass of water and knocks it off the box it's perched on. He taps his phone, which reads "7:30."

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME

On the right, Doug walks out the front door - he looks at his watch, which reads "7:30."

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor lays on his back, mouth agape - yep, he's hung over.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

On the right, Doug walks out of the cafe, hands coffee and a pastry to the Homeless Person, and checks his watch - "8:00."

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor gets up to go to the bathroom, trips over his blanket and falls out of frame.

EXT. LIBRARY

On the right, Doug pulls up to the Public Library.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM

On the left, Trevor sits on the edge of his bed, looking at a long list of missed calls and voicemails from unknown numbers, "Do Not Answer," and other various numbers - they're debt collectors calling from the life he's trying to escape. He takes a moment to breathe, and stands up out of frame.

INT. LIBRARY

On the right, Doug sits inside the library on a bench in front of another one of his wife's pieces of art. He sips his coffee as he scans the details of the piece. Finally, he takes a moment to breathe, and stands up out of frame.

INT. TREVOR'S CAR - SMALL TOWN ROADS

On the left, Trevor is driving, looking back and forth from the road to his phone. He dials and puts the phone to his ear.

TREVOR

Tammy! Hey, it's Trevor Daly. Man, crazy night last night, right? Anyway, was wondering if you had Doug's number. Wanted to chat with him about last night, make sure he's not still mad. Anyway, if you could call or text me back, that'd be great. Thanks.

He finishes his message and hangs up. He keeps his gaze on his phone for a few moments too long, and lurches forward when his car CRASHES into another car.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK - SMALL TOWN STREET

On the right, Doug is parked on Main Street, waiting for the clock to strike 9:30am so he can head in to his first appointment for the day.

He sips a cup of coffee, but looks more tired than usual. All of a sudden, he lurches forward in his seat as his truck is rear-ended by another vehicle. His coffee spills all over his clothes.

EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The split screens merge into one, and we see that Trevor has crashed into Doug's parked truck.

Trevor's Tesla, now with a smashed front end, backs up a few feet. Trevor sees that he's hit Doug's truck, and hops out to go smooth over the situation. On his way to Doug, he's distracted by his own car's front hood, which is basically folded in half. Doug's truck looks like nothing has happened.

TREVOR
 (looking at his car,
 ignoring Doug's truck)
 Dammit! Dammit! Fuck!

Doug gets out of his truck, and his coffee cup falls out on the ground. With fire in his eyes, he makes a bee line for Trevor, who is still cursing to himself. He doesn't notice until Doug is just a few feet away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
 Doug! Man, this sucks, huh?! Brand
 new fucking Tesla... *your* truck
 looks fine...

Before he's able to get much more out, Doug punches him square in the face. Trevor looks at Doug for a moment, completely wide-eyed, until his brain finally registers the shock and he stumbles backwards.

DOUG
 40 years, and you're still the
 exact same person you were in high
 school. You haven't changed at *all*.
 You're still a selfish,
 egotistical, self-centered bully.
 You have no idea that what you do
 actually *affects* the people around
 you, do you?! You're insensitive,
 and no one liked you in high school
 - they were just too *scared* not to
 laugh at your meanness. Well, we're
 not in high school anymore, so I
 will not allow anything you do or
 say to ever affect me again. Stay
 the heck away from me.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Go back to your big city and let us
all live in peace.

(a beat, then, awkwardly
as if he's never cussed)

...asshole.

Doug gets back in his truck and peels out, leaving behind a stunned Trevor. Two YOUNG CHILDREN, on their way to school, have wandered up to see what all the commotion is about.

TREVOR

What the fuck are you two looking
at? Go be cute somewhere else.

Trevor takes a moment, and notices the coffee cup on the ground. He walks over and picks it up. It has a sticker on it - "BRIDGET'S CAFE." He tosses the cup back on the ground, pushes the hood of his car down enough to where he can still see over the top, gets back in and drives away.

INT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - LATER

Trevor walks in to a mostly empty cafe. Rolling silverware behind the counter, as always, is BRIDGET, the owner of the cafe.

BRIDGET

Hi, Trevor! What can I do for ya?

TREVOR

Umm, have we met?

BRIDGET

It's a small town. News of
strangers in town and car accidents
travels fast.

TREVOR

... I'm not a stranger, I'm from
here. Trevor Daly, Rella High,
class of 1979.

Blank looks from Bridget.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Anyway, I'm looking for Doug Welsh?
I think he's a regular.

BRIDGET

Oh, sure, Doug's basically part of
the furniture here. Been coming in
like clockwork for years, now. We
love Doug.

She stops talking, and continues rolling silverware, back in her own world.

TREVOR
(slightly frustrated)
...and do you know where he might
be right now?

Bridget makes a slightly uncomfortable face, but before she can reply, Trevor cuts back in.

TREVOR (CONT'D)
It's not weird, I promise. I'm just
trying to find him so I can try to
apologize to the guy.

BRIDGET
(hesitant)
Oh, ok, sure. What's today?
(looking behind her at a
wall calendar)
Wednesday? Oh, he's probably over
at Fred's place working on one of
the thousand projects that place
needs done...

A moment of recognition passes over Trevor's face at the mention of the name "Fred."

TREVOR
Fred's place?

BRIDGET
Yeah, the old Rooko Farm. It's just
outside town, about a mile east.
Head that way, if you hit the four
way stop, you went too far.

TREVOR
Got it.

Trevor starts for the door.

BRIDGET
You know, if he's not there, he and
Patty used to go to Bingo every
Wednesday night - he probably still
goes. He's nothing if not a
creature of habit...

TREVOR
Got it, thanks.

Bridget starts to get lost again in her own thoughts, as Trevor takes this last fact in. He exits the cafe.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - LATE AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING

The Rooko Farm is a beautifully dilapidated expanse - a rusted mailbox with "ROOKO" painted across the side welcomes us into the driveway, and onto a field of half-dead grass that covers the land. The eyes pass over a small crop of healthy looking corn stalks, and finally settle on a beautiful and broken-down farmhouse - paint chipping, almost sad looking, but with a pair of rocking chairs you'd pay to sit in and sip a cool iced tea. Pure, home-grown American nostalgia.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Across the way from the house sits a barn, in clear disrepair. Two men stand on the side of the barn with a ladder.

Doug hammers a nail into a new wood panel, while FRED ROOKO, late 40s, holds the ladder. It's a sweet moment, as the two laugh and chat. Doug wipes his brow, as Fred smiles and encourages Doug to get down and let him take over. Doug shakes his head "no," and continues working.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Trevor's Tesla silently pulls up to the Rooko Farm driveway. He doesn't get out of the car, but rather sits and squints his eyes until he can make out Doug on a ladder in the distance. His gaze lands on Fred, and after a beat, he pulls away.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - BARN - CONTINUOUS

Doug continues to hammer nails.

FRED

Seriously, Doug, can we *please* switch? I promise, I'm ready to hammer a few nails!

DOUG

Look, you hired me to do a job, I'm gonna do the job!

FRED

Doug, I haven't been able to pay you in months... these projects can wait... Or at least you can let me help!

DOUG

You are helping - without you, I might very quickly fall off this ladder. If I fall and hurt myself, then I'm in real trouble. Besides, I like the company.

Doug smiles bittersweetly as he finishes the panel he's working on. The sun begins to set.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And there we go. See? You would have just slowed me down.

Fred smiles as Doug climbs down from the ladder. Doug starts to pack his tools.

FRED

Hey, you doin' alright? I heard about what happened at the bar last night...

DOUG

Oh, yeah, yeah, I'm fine. I'll tell you what, though, if Patty had been there, she would have given that jerk a real what's what, you can be sure of that.

Fred smiles. He misses her, too.

FRED

Oh, he wouldn't have stood a chance against her right hook.

DOUG

That's life though, I guess. Things break...

DOUG (CONT'D)

...ya can't always fix 'em.

FRED

Ya can't always fix 'em.

Doug smiles.

FRED (CONT'D)

Well, look, without you, this barn would be worm food by now.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)

Heck, this whole place would be worm food by now. Thanks for sticking with it, and me, Doug.

DOUG

Oh, come on. Let's get you inside. I've gotta get home and freshened up. It's date night tonight.

Doug smiles and walks in front of Fred, whose smile turns to one of concern. After a beat, he follows Doug to the house.

EXT. LIONS CLUB - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A dimly lit small town cultural center. Based solely on the outside, it's clear that the town's culture stopped evolving sometime around 1974. The exterior lighting is probably flickering, just like its relevance.

INT. LIONS CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

As expected, the interior décor matches the drab outside - relics of another time adorn the walls and exposed dark wood beams - faded newspapers in frames, war hero medals and the classic insignia of the Lions Clubs International are everywhere.

The main hall is filled with folding tables and TOWNIES of all shapes and sizes - an ELDERLY COUPLE on respirators, a GOTH COUPLE, and a handful of others - each with multiple Bingo cards splayed out in front of them. All eyes are fixated at the front of the room on the Bingo ball cage, where all of the balls are tumbling over each other like a beautiful waterfall of endless ping pong balls. Behind it, a large sign reads "WEDNESDAY NIGHT BINGO - SPONSORED BY THE LIONS CLUBS' O.W.L.s" A woman, DORIS, 70s, sits at a table next to the Bingo ball cage in a beautiful knitted sweater. She takes notes as the Bingo Caller, JEFF, pulls balls from the cage. Is it 2020 or 1970? Nothing in this time capsule of a gathering could help tell the difference.

JEFF

Round and round it goes, where it stops...

He stops the cage from spinning and pulls out a ball. He holds it in awe as if it's some mystical relic. Clearly this is his entire life's purpose.

JEFF (CONT'D)

B-11! It stops on lucky B-11! You know, 11 is the most dynamic of all the numbers out there. That's right...

As Jeff trails off into obscurity, Doug sits at a table in the middle of the room. The seat next to him is empty, but he seems to be playing Bingo for two.

DOUG

(playfully, to "Patty")
Dang, another one for you. Can't catch a break...

As the excitement continues, Fred walks in from the side, carrying a stack of fresh-looking new Bingo cards. He hands them off to Jeff.

JEFF

Fred! Wow, look at that! Looks like the Bingo card crop harvest has been a healthy one this week! Give this guy a round of applause, everyone, for providing the lifeblood for this Bingo community - without him, we'd be *writing* our numbers on *paper* - like *savages*!

Scattered lackluster claps fill the room.

FRED

The only thing growing faster than those cards on my farm is the weeds.

Blank stares from the audience, and even Jeff is at a loss. Womp womp. As Fred awkwardly waves, he backs out of the room the same way he came in.

Like two ships passing, Fred exits, as Trevor comes in through the main entrance. He scans the room, and catches a quick glimpse of Fred as he leaves. His face goes whiter, and for a brief moment, he looks lost. He shakes it off, puts on his confidence hat, and quickly finds Doug.

TREVOR

Doug! There you are. Man, this town is the *smallest*! It was almost *too* easy to find you! Man, it smells like moth balls in here...

Jeff stops spinning the ball cage, and all eyes shift to Trevor.

Doug's face goes a deep shade of crimson - he wants to melt into his chair from embarrassment. Trevor makes his way over to Doug, as he notices Jeff at the front of the room.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, hey Jeff! Long time, buddy! So, what? You have time to call Bingo games for a room full of... these people... but you can't come to your old friend Trevor's welcome back party? I see how it is.

Trevor waits for Jeff to react, and notices Doug's disapproving look. He remembers why he's here - to try to make things right - and a calmer demeanor (well, calm for Trevor) washes over him.

JEFF

(awkwardly)

Um, hey! Looks like we have a local celebrity in our presence! Welcome back to town from the big city, Trevor. Why don't you join us?!

Jeff grabs a small stack of Bingo cards and runs them over to Trevor.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(quietly, to Trevor)

Welcome back, buddy. Sorry I missed the big bash - I'm sure it was epic, as always. Play a few games on me, ok?

(back to the crowd)

Alright, let's get those balls rolling again, shall we?! And away we go!

Jeff heads back to the front of the room, and starts spinning the cage again. Trevor grabs the seat next to Doug. This time, he's careful not to take "Patty's" seat.

TREVOR

Wow, Wednesday night Bingo in a small town, huh? Could you have gone somewhere a bit more cliché?

Doug stares forward, waiting for Jeff to call the numbers, and ignores Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Alright, then. Bingo night it is.

With that, Trevor shifts his focus to Jeff, who calls numbers.

INT. LIONS CLUB - LATER

Some time has passed. Doug's Bingo cards are relatively untouched. Patty's cards look like they're getting closer to Bingo, and Trevor's cards all look like they're one move away from Bingo. Trevor looks excited.

TREVOR

Holy shit, Doug. Who the fuck knew that Bingo was *actually fun*. Come on, Jeff, roll me home! Papa needs a new side view mirror!

Trevor looks to Doug to see if his flashback humor worked. It did not.

JEFF

G-55. G-55.

Trevor searches his cards for the number.

TREVOR

Hit! Yahtzee! Shit, BINGO! I got BINGO! I fuckin' win! I win, right?! I win!

Trevor stands up and does a super awkward victory dance, and then runs up to show his card to Jeff. Sure enough, he won. Jeff is less than enthusiastic.

JEFF

Well, it looks like we have a winner, folks!

TREVOR

Drinks on me, everyone! Let's go!

Against his strongest inclinations, Doug actually cracks the tiniest little smile at Trevor's child-like excitement.

INT. BAR - LATER

The dozen or so people from the Bingo game are now all at the bar, all with drinks in their hands. Trevor sits at the bar, while Tammy prepares drinks. He looks slightly concerned.

TREVOR

(to Tammy)

I've gotta be honest with you.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I thought for sure that none of these Bingo weirdos would take me up on free drinks.

Tammy continues to prep drinks, and lets a small smile poke through. Trevor notices, and is immediately proud of himself.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I *also* thought I'd be winning slightly more than \$15... I don't suppose you've still got happy hour pricing...

Tammy glances up to the clock, which reads "9:27" - nope, no happy hour.

TAMMY

Look, despite your best efforts, you actually tried to do something nice for everyone. So, for you, it's happy hour all night.

Tammy smiles and hands him two beers, then walks away to take drink orders from the two Goth kids from Bingo.

Trevor looks down the bar, and sees Doug sitting in his usual seat, reading his book with an empty beer glass. He heads over and notices the empty space next to Doug where Patty's stool used to be. He quietly pulls up a seat next to Doug, and sets a fresh beer in front of him. Doug's eyes shift up to the beer, then quickly back to his book. It's not gonna be that easy, Trevor.

TREVOR

(awkwardly self-assured)
Heck of a thing, that Bingo shit.

DOUG

(almost to himself)
Heck of a thing.

TREVOR

Well, cheers. To... Tammy!

Tammy doesn't hear him, and the moment goes flat.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Alright, look. Doug. I'm sorry about the mirror, ok?

Nothing from Doug.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...and I'm sorry about rear-ending
you and spilling coffee all over
you and your truck...

Still nothing.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

...and, I'm sorry about the stool.
I had no idea it was... hers... Ok?

Doug finally stops pretending to read, and looks up at
Trevor.

DOUG

Why are you here, Trevor?

TREVOR

Oh, you couldn't tell? I'm just
making up for my welcome back party
by suckering in the Bingo crowd to
celebrate my return!

Doug slowly raises an eyebrow, but refuses to give in.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh, you want the real stuff?
Alright, how about this? Through a
series of generally misguided
actions on my part over the past
few years, my career has basically
imploded. My marriage is over. The
government owns all the things I
used to own. I'm intimately
familiar with the inside of a
"white collar" prison. And by the
way, no amount of 1-star Yelp'ing
could change the garbage food they
serve in there. So apart from my
electric car, which effectively
takes a week to charge on a
Charlie's Hardware extension cord,
and a few boxes full of failure, I
came back here with nothing,
because I had nowhere else to go. I
figured maybe I'd try to reconnect
to my old life or whatever, and
just reset. My parents left me
their old house out on Mill Street,
and I swear to God I would have
bulldozed it to the ground already
if I had even given it a second
thought when they died.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Guess I'm glad I didn't, because now at least I have a big, dusty shell of a place to myself that the government could care less about to remind me just how much I fucked it all up. Come for the Bingo, stay for the booze, right?

At this, Trevor takes a deep pull from his beer mug. Doug is in complete shock at this outpouring of real emotion from Trevor, and slowly raises his own glass.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But enough about my reverse Cinderella story, how's... life been here all these years, Douggie. I can't believe you stayed. Fuck, I can't believe anyone would stay...

Doug considers how to respond, before finally deciding to let his guard down a bit. A bit.

DOUG

It's just... home, ya know? It's always been home...

TREVOR

No way, you're not getting away with a one-liner. Come on, man, give me something. I just gave you more than I ever gave my ex. And you didn't even care!

DOUG

Look, it's just where I belong. Things definitely got easier after high school, at least until last year. I met Patty, my wife, right after we graduated. She was always so active. The life of the party. I've always been pretty reserved, in case you don't remember, so she would call me her arm candy whenever we'd go out. Silly, but it made me laugh, and it was just the right little confidence boost I needed. When she passed, I... let's just say I'm still working on getting back some semblance of the person she helped me become. I didn't exactly have the easiest time growing up. Kids can be... cruel. I don't wanna be that guy again.

At this, Trevor realizes he may have had something to do with that. His eyes dart to his drink, but he just continues to listen. Doug pauses as well, and the two men sit in silence. Finally, of course, Trevor breaks in.

TREVOR

Hey. So I feel really bad about the stool, and about all the ways I've been making your life... difficult recently. And, maybe for being kind of a dick when we were kids... I wanna make it up to you. You're a handyman, right? Let me work for you for a few weeks for free.

DOUG

No, I don't think so.

TREVOR

Come on, man. Please? I've literally got nothing else to do. You'd be doing *me* a favor. Please? I can be useful, I swear! I'm sure I can figure out how to hammer a nail or tighten some lug nuts with just a little guidance from the master. Whaddya say? Come on, Doug, please?

Tammy stands close enough to have been eavesdropping the whole time. Doug glances up to her, and she gently but playfully shrugs "why not?" before walking away to help another customer.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Tell you what. You have 'til the count of when-I-get-back-from-breaking-the-seal to agree.

Trevor walks away, and Doug glances over to where Patty's stool used to be.

DOUG

Yeah, but you know who he is... I know, I know, yes, it *seems* like he's trying... ok, fine, we'll see..."

Trevor, on his way back from the bathroom, catches Doug talking to the space next to him, and really takes this in. Doug is clearly not doing well on his own. Trevor walks back over to Doug.

TREVOR

Well? Did you make the right choice?

DOUG

Tammy. Two more, please. On my tab.

Trevor looks at Doug, and the two exchange what looks like the first familiar half-smile they've ever shared. Tammy walks the beers over to them, they cheers, and Trevor pats Doug on the back as they begin a new conversation.

DOLLY BACK/FADE
OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor's alarm goes off - he snoozes and rolls over.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME

On the right, Doug's alarm goes off - he turns it off and rolls out of bed.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor's alarm goes off again. He reaches out and hits snooze again.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK

On the right, Doug is in his truck driving. He reaches up and adjusts his rear view mirror.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor's alarm goes off for the third time. He turns it off, this time knocking it onto the ground.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK

On the right, Doug puts his truck in park.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor sleeps, mouth agape.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - FRONT DOOR

On the right, Doug walks up to a door and knocks.

The split screens merge here, and we now see that Doug is knocking on Trevor's door. Trevor bolts up in bed, which sits in the middle of the living room floor, and opens the front door. Doug stands, smiling, holding a coffee carrier with three cups of coffee. Trevor tries to wipe the sleep from his face, and looks at the cups, puzzled.

DOUG

In case one spills.

Trevor mildly grunts, and holds up a "just a minute" finger. He walks inside, quickly throws on a pair of pants and shoes, grabs a jacket and heads out. As Trevor gets ready, Doug catches a quick glimpse of the inside of Trevor's house - sparse, dusty and sad. He takes this in for a moment, until Trevor reappears. He looks like a mess, but he made a promise that he's actually going to keep. Trevor grabs a coffee as Doug turns and heads to his truck. Trevor takes a long sip, and follows along.

And now, time for a montage!

EXT. BANK - MONTAGE

Doug's truck is parked in the bank parking lot. Doug grabs a toolbox from the trunk, and Trevor grabs a small 4-foot step ladder. Slow motion Reservoir Dogs-style, they walk up to the bank. They each carry coffee in their free hand. An ATTRACTIVE CUSTOMER exits the bank. Trevor smiles and makes a "cheers" motion with his coffee. She rolls her eyes and keeps walking. Doug smirks, and makes a "cheers" motion with his coffee to Trevor. Trevor raises his middle finger, and accidentally spills his coffee. Doug shakes his head, as the two head into the bank.

INT. BANK - MONTAGE

Doug stands on the 4-step ladder, adjusting a light fixture, while Trevor holds the ladder in place, drinking his coffee. The Bank Manager watches, disapproval in his dumb eyes.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - MONTAGE

Doug and Trevor do basic paint touchups to some of the trim outside the cafe. The Homeless Person drinks coffee and reads a book nearby.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - THE NEXT MORNING - MONTAGE

Doug knocks on Trevor's front door, now holding just two cups of coffee. Trevor answers the door, and looks like he might have actually showered today. He grabs a cup of coffee and pretends to trip and spill it on Doug. Doug does not find this amusing. They turn and walk together down the stairs to Doug's truck.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FENCE - MONTAGE

Doug pulls a rotting fence post out of the ground, as Trevor walks up with a new one from Doug's truck. The ground around it has already been dug out. Doug places the new post, and he and Trevor take turns hammering it into the ground with a large mallet. Doug stops and grabs a shovel to start filling the hole, while Trevor finishes the hammering. It looks like they're becoming a regular Odd Couple. It's sweet.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - THE NEXT MORNING - MONTAGE

Doug walks up to Trevor's door with two cups of coffee, one cup with a piece of tape over the opening. Before he's able to knock, the door swings open and Trevor walks out. He looks energized and, dare we say, peppy, for the first time since we've seen him. He walks out, closes the door behind him (he doesn't lock it because this is the Midwest), grabs a cup of coffee from Doug, and heads to the truck. Doug smiles, and follows Trevor.

EXT. HARRIETTA'S HOUSE - MONTAGE

Doug pulls small amounts of dry leaves and branches from Harrietta's storm drains. Trevor holds the ladder, and almost looks like he's flirting with Harrietta, who looks 10 years younger from the attention. Doug smiles at this, and keeps pulling small amounts of gross stuff from the drain.

As Doug and Trevor pack up to leave, Harrietta runs outside with two fresh-made pies. She hands one to Trevor and one to Doug. Trevor smiles and looks grateful, while Doug just looks shocked. I guess he should have been flirting more all these years.

And that's the end of our montage.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - TRUCK - DUSK

Doug's truck pulls up to Trevor's house.

TREVOR

So you go there every week, even though there's almost nothing actually stuck in her storm drains?

DOUG

Sometimes it's just about showing up, ya know? She lives alone, the company makes her happy. Heck, it makes me happy, too.

TREVOR

Fair enough... and I'm sorry, but I still can't believe that! Not a single pie in over 30 years?

DOUG

True story.

TREVOR

That's nuts. I feel like the fucking pie whisperer or something. I wonder what she's up to this weekend...

Doug shoots Trevor a "really?!" look, and the two burst out laughing together.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Speaking of, what are you up to this weekend?

DOUG

Oh, you know, the usual. Some gardening... I think my tomatoes are nearly ripe... some turnips, too...

TREVOR

Umm, ok, so we're hanging out.
(as he starts to get out
of the truck)

Drinks tomorrow night. No, tomorrow afternoon. "Happy Hour" at your place? Yeah, sounds good! You have TV, right? I'm sure there's something sporty on.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)
(walking away, yelling
back)

Maybe there's an axe throwing
competition?! I'll ask Harrietta
for your address! See ya tomorrow!

Doug realizes it's useless to even try to argue, and instead just waves and smiles, and starts to pull his truck away into the sunset.

FADE OUT.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - EARLY MORNING

Another serene Saturday morning in Small Town, USA. Dogs relax on front porches, the spokes of a bicycle spin as a YOUNG KID rides a bike, delivering the morning paper, and a rooster crows somewhere on a farm. He's quickly answered by two more roosters crowing. Hello, Saturday.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM

Trevor slowly wakes up, not to the sound of his alarm, but to the sounds of the roosters' calls. It's a big change for Trevor from his life just a few short weeks ago, and he knows it. Whether that's good or bad remains to be seen.

Trevor gets up, pulls on a pair of pants, and walks into his kitchen. Rays of morning light fill the space, as dust hangs in the air all around him. He looks around, and runs his finger along the kitchen counter. He looks, and it's covered in dust. He wipes it off on his pants, opens the cabinet to grab one of three mismatched glasses, and turns on the tap. It sputters for a moment before pushing through a clean stream of water. He's used to this by now, and barely reacts as he fills his glass. He sips his water, and looks out the window.

Things look peaceful, until Trevor abruptly turns, yells and hurls his glass at the wall. It shatters into a thousand tiny pieces, and we see, for the first time, tears welling in Trevor's eyes. He grabs the remaining two glasses, and one by one, hurls them at the same wall, yelling with more emotion each time. After the third glass, he starts to yell one more time. As he does, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

A high and wide shot of Trevor's home. As the camera pulls back, Trevor's yells fade into the sounds of the roosters, sprinklers, and the breeze.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - AFTERNOON

Doug's truck sits in the driveway, side view mirror awkwardly taped on. Trevor's Tesla is parked behind it, still looking wildly out of place.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Doug and Trevor sit on a couch and a recliner watching TV. They've both got beers in their hands, and they're both completely riled up from whatever they're watching. Something big happens on the screen.

TREVOR

Oh, gimme a break! That's the biggest bullshit I've ever seen!

Doug smiles and shrugs, as we reveal that they're watching The Great British Baking Show.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You *know* Diana took that thing out of the freezer on purpose! Iain doesn't deserve to go home!

DOUG

(in a mock British accent)
"They need *something* to judge," Trevor. They can't judge a cake if it's in the trash...

TREVOR

(in the same terrible accent)
Baked Alaska, Doug. It's not a cake. I thought you were a fan...

Doug just shakes his head, takes a swig of his beer, and continues to watch TV. A few moments pass, and Trevor starts to look slightly uncomfortable. He grabs the remote, and puts the TV on mute. Doug looks over, unsure of what's coming.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Hey man. Listen, I've gotta get something off my chest. Been kinda eating away at me for the past few days, the old elephant in the room.

Doug just sits and listens, but doesn't respond.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Right, ok. *I'll* start. I think there might be a good chance that I *may* have been, like, kind of a dick to you in high school...

Trevor pauses, but Doug stays silent.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ok, I was for sure a dick to you in high school. But I mean, come on, I was popular, you... I mean, you... weren't, you know? People put certain... expectations on you in high school. They see you as something, and if you don't live up to it, you're nothing. Does that make sense?

DOUG

So, you're saying people saw you as a dick, so you had to act like one?

Trevor's eyes go wide - he's never heard Doug curse before. It's both shocking and gratifying, but he doesn't quite hear the actual content of what Doug is saying.

TREVOR

It's not as simple as all that. Everyone looked up to me. I had a reputation to uphold. You let your guard down for one second, show even an ounce of compassion, they see it as weakness. And then... you're done. Kill or be killed, right? So instead of being weak, I had to be strong.

DOUG

We didn't live in the wild, Trevor. It was *high school*.

TREVOR

(quickly getting riled up)
I know! But when you're in high school, there's nothing bigger!

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Nothing scarier, nothing outside that matters - everything that happens in those halls is the most important thing, life-or-death, kill or be killed, if you fuck up in that moment there's no redemption to be had. I was the fucking weakling at home, you can be damn sure I wasn't gonna feel like that same piece of shit at school.

At this last revelation, Trevor pauses. He had never planned to let Doug in this much, and immediately regrets this moment of vulnerability. Doug's face softens for a moment, but Trevor tries to quickly regain his bravado.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Fuck it, though, right? Everyone has their own trash to deal with. I'm trying to say I'm sorry for being an alpha asshole. You're a good guy, and you didn't deserve the shit end of my issues. I wanna make it up to you.

Doug sits silently, letting this all sink in. He glances over at a framed picture of Patty, and they seem to have a brief moment of their own before Doug finally replies.

DOUG

You know, you really were an asshole.

(beat)

But that was over 40 years ago, Trevor. It's fine. I was able to move on a long time ago. Patty did that for me. I'm sorry you didn't have your own Patty. And anyway, you're helping me with work. You're... fine.

Trevor hears Doug, but doesn't quite let it sink in.

TREVOR

Tell you what. All that shit I used to do to you? You're gonna do it all back to me.

DOUG

What? That's ridiculous.

TREVOR

No, really! It'll be cleansing or some shit. It's not like the movies where we're gonna just all of a sudden become friends outta nowhere. We've gotta "even the karmic playing field." Come on! It'll be fun!

Doug looks away, and turns the volume of the TV back on. Prue and Paul have some cute exchange on the show. But Trevor isn't giving up on his ridiculous idea.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ok, first up - wedgies. Come on, Doug, just do it - one quick tug!

Trevor moves to where his ass is right in front of Doug, blocking his view of the TV. Doug swirls his empty glass in the air.

DOUG

I clearly need to catch up here.

Doug, looking uncomfortable with Trevor's ass in his face, gently pushes him out of the way and heads into the kitchen with his empty beer glass for a refill. Trevor follows, and stands in the doorway.

TREVOR

Fine, you won't do it? I'll... I'll do it to myself!

Doug turns around, and sees Trevor grabbing his own underwear. He makes eye contact with Doug, as he performs an intensely awkward self-wedgie.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

For... the honor.

Awkward or not, it still sucks.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Ahhh!!!

Doug stands in utter awe of what's happening.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BATHROOM

Doug stands at the bathroom door, a look of confused disbelief across his face.

DOUG

Really?

TREVOR

Hammurabi's Code, Doug. An eye for
an eye, a dunk for a dunk.

And with that, Trevor dunks his head into the toilet. He thrashes around dramatically for a few seconds, and when he emerges, he looks at Doug with a massive grin. Doug just shakes his head and walks away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Man, you really need to have some
fun with this! Should I have made a
Dunkin' Donuts joke instead?

(beat, then)

Hey, when was the last time you
cleaned this toilet?!

CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Doug now sits alone, peacefully watching TV, when his phone rings. He picks up.

DOUG

Hello?

TREVOR (O.S.)

You're gonna wanna look out your
front door, buddy.

Doug looks at his phone for a moment, then stands and makes his way to the front door.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - FRONT YARD - LATE AFTERNOON

Doug opens his front door and looks off at the far end of his yard, where he sees Trevor waving at him, hanging from a wood cross like a scarecrow. His actual scarecrow lies in a pile on the ground.

TREVOR

(yelling so Doug can hear)
Anything else we did to you that
I'm forgetting?!

DOUG

(yelling back)
Yeah, you eventually left me alone!

Doug shakes his head and walks back inside. Trevor smiles, and starts to sing.

TREVOR

Always look on the bright side of
your life...

The sound of Trevor whistling stops when he sees Doug making a bee line towards him from inside the house. He stands on the milk crate Trevor used to get himself up on the cross, and raises a Sharpie to Trevor's face. When Doug steps down, we see that he's drawn a penis on Trevor's face. Doug surveys his work.

DOUG

Hm, yup, I think that just about
covers it.

He walks away smiling, a big bright smile that we haven't seen from him until now. Trevor smiles in the background.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Best come down before the whiskey
gets warm!

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Doug comes back outside, carrying a bottle of whiskey and two glasses with a single large ice cube in each. He sets them down on a small table on the porch, as Trevor exits the house with a towel in his hand, drying off his face. Remnants of the Sharpie penis are still visible. Because, Sharpie. Doug pours them each a healthy serving. The sun is starting to set. Doug raises his glass.

DOUG

To an... unexpected few days...

TREVOR

And to all of life's fucked up,
unexpected moments.

They take a beat, cheers, sip and take in the sunset. It's peaceful.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I can't believe you used a fucking
Sharpie.

DOUG

What? I felt like a dry erase just
wouldn't have been in the spirit of
retribution.

TREVOR
Fair enough. Asshole.

The two continue to sip their whiskeys, and the sunset washes over them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - EARLY MORNING

It's another beautiful, quiet morning in the middle of nowhere. The sounds of breezes breezing and sprinklers sprinkling and roosters crowing fills the air. A few moments of calm are slowly marred by the introduction of the sound of an alarm clock. A groggy groan is heard, followed by the sound of the alarm clock being turned off.

FADE TO BLACK.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM - LATER

Doug bolts upright in his bed, and looks at his clock - 9:20am - he slept in! Completely panicked, he gets himself caught up in his sheets and falls out of bed. He jumps right back up, and starts to grab his clothes. He looks like a mess.

DOUG
Trevor!!!

As soon as he yells, he realizes that his own voice is too loud for the hangover he's nursing. He winces, and rubs his temple as he struggles to get dressed.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Doug rushes into the living room holding a bottle of Scope, where he finds Trevor fast asleep on the couch.

DOUG
Trevor!!! Wake up, we're late!

Doug rushes into the kitchen, and moments later we hear him gargle and spit. Trevor bolts up and, taking on Doug's panic, rolls right off the couch. He bolts up, and is already fully dressed. Also looking like a mess, he grabs his jacket from the coat hook, and turns just in time to catch a Pop Tart that Doug's just tossed to him.

DOUG (CONT'D)
No time for Bridget's this morning.

TREVOR
(holding up the Pop Tart)
Toaster pastries of the gods.

The door closes behind them.

TREVOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)
... we're still stopping for
coffee, though, right?

DOUG (O.S.)
Shhh...

EXT. BANK

Doug and Trevor pull up to the bank in Doug's truck. They hop out and head in, both holding tools. Doug still looks a bit out of it, and as they walk up, Trevor notices another newer maintenance truck with the name *ZM Fixes* painted on the side. He looks over to Doug, who hasn't noticed.

INT. BANK

Doug and Trevor enter the bank, and as soon as they're inside, they're met by the Bank Manager, Todd. He looks oddly satisfied as he saunters up to them.

TODD
Hi Doug. Hi... Doug's friend. You
can both just turn around and walk
right back out of here.

TREVOR
It's Trevor, we met the other
day...

DOUG
Todd, I'm sorry, we just-

TODD
Doug, do you know what time it is?
You're nearly an hour late, and
it's the last time. Do you see over
there? That's Cameron. I called him
at 9:30, and 15 minutes later I had
a brand new handyman walking
through the door.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

He's doing the work in half the time you do it, and he doesn't talk to himself and creep out the customers! I warned you, Doug. You're *re-place-a-ble*.

At this, Trevor starts to move forward, fists curled, but Doug puts a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

DOUG

Todd, look, I need this job. I need the money...

Trevor registers this comment.

TODD

I guess you should have thought about that when you decided to buy alarm clocks that don't work.

Sick burn, Todd. Trevor gives Todd a "WTF" look.

DOUG

I see. Ok, then.
(beat, then)
Tell your dad I said hi when you see him.

Doug starts to walk away, and pushes Trevor to follow. As they're both walking out, Trevor calls out over his shoulder.

TREVOR

This is *your* fucking loss, *Todd!*
This man is the best handyman you could have had! No amount of repairs are gonna save this place, anyway! You're fixing the lights on the Titanic - it's all going down! You're going down!

TODD

Thanks so much! Bye-bye, now!

Todd waves condescendingly, and then awkwardly smiles at several uncomfortable BANK CUSTOMERS.

Doug finally gets Trevor out the door.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

Doug and Trevor walk to the truck.

TREVOR

What a fucking asshole! Who does he think he is?

DOUG

(rubbing his head)
Shh... Still hungover, remember?
It's... fine. It's honestly been a long time coming. Anyway, I'm sure it's for the best.

TREVOR

Whatever, that guy's still a toolbag. You sure you're ok? I was about to clock him in his stupid smirking face... you've gotta stick up for yourself, man.

DOUG

Look, I'm fine. Thank you. Let's just get out of here.

TREVOR

Ok. So... coffee?

DOUG

Bank's my only Monday client, so sure. You're buying.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - LATER

Doug and Trevor sit inside at a table. They both nurse their coffees silently.

TREVOR

Seriously, though, that guy's a dick. I can't believe he already had someone there to replace you.

DOUG

The kid's lived in his father's shadow all his life. He's just trying to take charge.

TREVOR

Yeah, well he should take charge of his stupidity, ya know?

A few quiet moments pass, until Trevor notices that Doug's gaze is fixed on the wall. He's staring at a beautiful abstract painting.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's kinda trippy, huh? Like, where the fuck are you supposed to look, right?

DOUG

Hear that, hun? He doesn't get your work.

TREVOR

Oh, wait, *Patty* made that? Wow, I meant, trippy in a... kind of, thoughtful way, ya know? Like, you don't know quite where to look... Fuck, I don't know. I never really understood... art.

Doug smiles - he understands.

DOUG

You give me a brush, I'll paint a house. I'll do the trim, I'll get the moldings, it'll look nice. Utility, ya know? But *Patty*? You put a paint brush in her hand and she'd paint you another world. The things she imagined, the way she pulled it out of her mind and put it on canvas... I like to think that there's a piece of her living in every one of her canvases.

Doug pauses, and waits for Trevor to make some sarcastic comment. When he looks over, he catches Trevor staring at the painting, deep in thought. Doug's definitely surprised.

DOUG (CONT'D)

She's got her work hanging all over town. She connected so easily and so deeply with everyone she ever spoke to, they all basically begged her to paint for them. So she did. And thanks to that, even though she's gone, I still get to see her everywhere I go.

TREVOR

That's... gotta be tough?

DOUG

Yeah, but gosh, I'm grateful. How many people who've lost the love of their lives still get the chance to see them every day?

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

To be inspired by them every day.
She's not here, but she's still
spreading joy.

Trevor nods, and looks back at the painting. After a few moments, Trevor stands up.

TREVOR

Let's go.

DOUG

Huh?

TREVOR

I want to meet Patty.

Doug is about to protest, but instead decides to just go with it. He stands up and they leave the cafe. And then we do a MONTAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL

Doug and Trevor stand in front of one of Patty's paintings. They both slowly nod.

CUT TO:

INT. LIBRARY

Doug and Trevor stand in front of one of Patty's paintings. Doug looks introspective, Trevor looks confused. He tries to squint, and somehow this allows him to "see" the painting. He finally gets it, and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING WALL

Doug and Trevor stand in front of a large mural on the side of a building. Trevor tries to get Doug to take a selfie with him, with the mural in the background. Doug isn't into it, and continues to look at the mural. Trevor, unfazed, takes the selfie anyway with a big smile, the back of Doug's head, and a healthy amount of Patty's mural visible in the background.

And that's the end of that montage.

EXT. MAIN STREET - ICE CREAM SHOPPE

Doug and Trevor exit an ice cream shoppe, each holding a cup of ice cream. They walk down the street, chatting like old friends.

TREVOR

I'm sorry, but no, pear and bleu cheese should not exist as an ice cream flavor!

Doug shrugs and eats another happy spoonful of ice cream.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I've gotta say, though, Patty's take on a banana split sundae looked pretty impressive hanging there above the old soda fountains.

The two walk in silence for a moment.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You know, you guys were really lucky you found each other. My love life has been a long series of thrilling disappointments. 40 years and two failed marriages...

DOUG

I mean, I'm sure the embezzling and jail time didn't help...

TREVOR

Hey! It was insider trading, buddy. I do have SOME self respect.

DOUG

Sorry, I had to.
(beat, then)
But I interrupted...

TREVOR

No, it's fine. I just wish I had had even an iota of what you and Patty had. I don't believe in soul mates, but if I did, I'm pretty sure that was you two.

DOUG

No arguments here. And seriously, though? You've never had that connection with *anyone*? Not... ever?

TREVOR

I said 40 years, not ever. They say some people peak in high school? Well, my love life got that memo.

DOUG

High school? I remember you always had girls, but I don't ever remember you having any one girl...

TREVOR

Oh, I did. She went to Canon Falls. Cheerleader. And I'll tell you something, if I knew then what I know now, well, I might have made some different choices. Lots would be different, ya know, maybe I wouldn't feel so fucked up.

Doug takes a moment to process this.

DOUG

True. But then we wouldn't be here, eating delicious gourmet ice cream together, would we?

Doug eats a spoonful of ice cream and makes it sound like the most amazing thing anyone has ever eaten. He's actually being playful for a change.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Mmmm, oh, mmm, oh, that's good...

Trevor smiles, though it's clear there's still pain behind his eyes. They arrive at Doug's truck.

TREVOR

Ya know what, I think I'm gonna walk.

DOUG

You sure? You're on my way...

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm sure. It was a good day. Congratulations on getting fired.

DOUG

(laughing)

Yeah, thanks. Congrats on your pay cut.

TREVOR

Oh, shit. Touché. And hey - *our* pay cut, buddy. Our pay cut.

DOUG

See ya in the morning.

Doug climbs into his truck and pulls away. Trevor waves, and walks alone down Main Street towards home.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - EARLY MORNING

Up way earlier than normal, Trevor pulls up to Bridget's Cafe in his still out-of-place Tesla.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor gets out of his car, and starts to make his way up to the cafe. As he walks up, he catches Fred exiting the cafe. Trevor freezes, as Fred turns and walks the other direction, away from Trevor. Trevor stands and stares for a moment, until his concentration is broken by the Homeless Person.

HOMELESS PERSON

"There are times when those eyes inside your brain stare back at you..."

Trevor looks to the Homeless Person, who waits, expectantly. Trevor says nothing.

HOMELESS PERSON (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Charles Bukowski! Wow, you're awful at this game.

INT. BRIDGET'S CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor walks in, looking more like a local than he ever has. He window shops the display cases for a few minutes, in no rush to be anywhere in particular. It's early, so he's not holding anyone else up. Eventually he makes his way to the counter, carrying two pre-made breakfast sandwiches. The young clerk, CINDY, rings Trevor up, clearly bored with her own existence.

As Trevor waits, he looks up and notices the painting hanging above the counter. His eyes search until he lands on Patty's signature in the bottom corner. He gets lost in his own thoughts until he's brought back to reality by Cindy, who loudly clears her throat.

Trevor looks down, and finds her holding a cardboard drink carrier with the sandwiches and two cups of coffee all perched neatly. He takes it and turns to leave.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Doug drives into town.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK

Doug drives down Main Street towards Bridget's Cafe to meet up with Trevor.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

Doug is a few minutes early, so he's pleasantly surprised to see Trevor already there. He's sitting outside next to the Homeless Person - they're both eating the breakfast sandwiches and drinking the coffee that Trevor bought. Doug smiles for a moment, then walks over to greet Trevor. From afar, we see Doug and Trevor say goodbye to the Homeless Person and head into the cafe.

INT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

Doug and Trevor sit at a small table in front of a laptop. Trevor navigates them to the City of Zumbrota home page.

TREVOR

Well, would you look at that. *Still* the home of Minnesota's only remaining covered bridge! Man, if I ever forgot just how exciting this town can be, I can always drive over the bridge to remind myself. Or... is it *under* the bridge. What's proper etiquette for a covered bridge? Anyway, here we go. Jobs.

On the screen is the City of Zumbrota job board. They start clicking around for a few moments, and look adorable, when Bridget takes notice.

BRIDGET

Doug, you lookin' for work? You know, we could use a bit more help with some odd jobs around the cafe.

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

God love 'em, but things keep
breaking around here, and Cindy
sure as heck isn't fixing them.

Cindy refills the milk station, and could really care less
what Bridget is saying about her (or anything in general).

Doug smiles and looks at Trevor, who smiles back a bit
overzealously. It's sweet. A moment of pride passes over
Doug, until he notices the clock.

DOUG

Thanks, Bridget. I'll do my best to
make sure you don't need me for too
long.

Bridget smiles, shakes her head and goes back to scolding
Cindy for not knowing how to properly fill a milk container.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Doug and Trevor walk down the street together.

TREVOR

See what happens when you keep old
Trevor around? You just *mention* you
need a job, and boom! You've got
one.

DOUG

You're right. It must be you.

Doug smiles, and Trevor awkwardly bows while they walk.

TREVOR

So, where to now?

DOUG

Well, it's Tuesday, so I'm heading
to the travel agency to see Patty.
Er, one of Patty's paintings. It's
not work, so if you wanna hang back
you're welcome to.

TREVOR

What, and miss a chance to see
Patty again so soon?

Doug smiles, and the two continue to walk down the street.

INT. TRAVEL AGENCY

Doug and Trevor stand at the counter, chatting it up with Allen.

ALLEN

I'll tell ya something, Tuscany is one of those places that everyone talks about, but no matter how amazing everyone says it is, nothing compares to the actual experience of being there.

TREVOR

Oh, I get it. The ex and I went on our second honeymoon there. Thought it might re-ignite the spark. Turns out, it just ignited our savings.

(beat, then, to Allen)

When were you there?

ALLEN

Oh, me? Oh, I've never been east of the good ol' Mississippi. I get all the adventure I need from helping good folks like you and Doug here make your own adventures. And I do love to see the pictures afterwards.

Allen stands and smiles, and it takes Trevor a moment to realize that Allen is NOT, in fact, full of shit.

TREVOR

Wow, well good for you, Allen. That's definitely the cheaper way to travel.

ALLEN

And no dealing with TSA, either!

At this, the phone rings, and Allen excuses himself. Trevor turns to find Doug sitting and looking at Patty's painting, holding pamphlets on Tuscany, lost in thought. Trevor takes a seat next to him, and without turning away from the painting, Doug starts talking to Trevor.

DOUG

Patty and I always talked about traveling the world together. "The second we retire, we're outta here!" Every time we talked about anywhere other than here, that's what she'd say.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

Sure, we were happy here, but we had plans. Traveling has always just kind of seemed... abstract to me, ya know? I guess her paintings are what've always taken me to other places, anyway. It's all I've ever really needed.

Doug gets lost in the painting again, while Trevor studies Doug, and seems to really see him in this moment.

FADE OUT.

INT. BAR

Doug and Trevor sit at the bar, a space between them where Patty's stool used to be. They each hold a book - Doug reads a Nelson DeMille novel, Trevor reads an Anne Rice novel - and pick at the food sitting in front of them. Tammy notices them sitting in peaceful silence together, and smiles.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT

Trevor's house sits quietly. Dark, except for a few small pools of light that pour from cracks in the drapes. We see a bit of movement...

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Trevor walks around his house - alone, aimless, an unreadable look covering his face. The inside of the house has an eerie, empty glow about it, coming from the select few lights Trevor's turned on.

Trevor roams the living room, taking in the details of the space - the moldings, the dusty window sills, the vintage curtains, the wallpaper. It's a time capsule that reminds him of a time and place where he never wanted to be. He touches everything he passes, believing that somehow the physical touch of the space will bring him some comfort, maybe quiet some of his louder inner thoughts. After some time, he stops, and looks lost. He notices the basement door, still slightly ajar, and stares.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BASEMENT

Trevor walks down the familiar stairs, and runs his hand and fingers along the banister.

He gets to the bottom, and looks at his hand - his fingers are covered in dust. He wipes them off on his pants, and slowly makes his way over to the gun cabinet.

Just as he ran his hands over the window sills and the curtains upstairs, he runs his hand along the wood of the cabinet, as memories come flooding back in his eyes. His movement never stops, but his eyes slowly start to well up with tears. He looks sad and innocent for a few moments, until the sadness is replaced by a subtle anger. He opens the cabinet, and takes the 12-gauge out. He delicately and respectfully examines it for a while, and then props it up on the floor next to the case, leaving the gun case open. Slowly, he makes his way back upstairs to go to bed. He turns off the light, and closes the door, but again, leaves it slightly ajar. A sliver of light still creeps through the door, while a gentle moonlight pours through a small basement window. The gun sits quietly against its case.

FADE OUT.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Doug and Trevor are in Doug's truck. Trevor looks a little out of it.

DOUG

Now look, I'm happy she won, but come on. TWO of her own shows, now? When the first one wasn't even that good? It just doesn't make any sense to me.

Doug glances over to Trevor, who looks out the window. He doesn't respond.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You, uh, you doing ok over there?

No response.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Trevor? Earth to Trevor?

TREVOR

What? Oh, yeah, sorry, just kinda got lost in the fields for a second. Has it always really been this... flat and open?

DOUG

It's small town Minnesota. It's kind of our thing.

(MORE)

DOUG (CONT'D)

I would have assumed that was part of why you left in the first place - too flat and open, not enough excitement.

TREVOR

(still half somewhere else)

Yeah, definitely that.

The flat expanse of farms and fields and small rolling hills continue to pass by outside the truck, as the two ride on in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOKO FARM

Doug and Trevor get out of the truck, as a young girl, BETTY, 7, runs up to Doug from the front porch and gives him a huge attack hug. She's maybe the most precocious tiny human you've ever seen. He smiles and picks her up, and she giggles.

BETTY

Uncle Ugg! Uncle Ugg! I painted a picture! Wanna see?

DOUG

Umm, of course I do! Do you need help carrying out such a big canvas?

BETTY

No, silly! It's just on paper! I made it with the paint brushes you got me. Wait here and don't move and I'll be right back!

Betty runs inside. Trevor stands back, an unfamiliar look of hesitation across his face, as Tammy slowly exits the front door of the house.

TAMMY

Mornin' Doug. Trevor.

TREVOR

No shit!

Trevor realizes there's a child nearby.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Er, shoot! Tammy from the bar!

TAMMY

Yep. Tammy from the bar. Sorry to shatter your world, but I don't *actually* live there.

(to Doug)

I'll tell ya, that girl has been itching to show you that painting since last week.

DOUG

Well, you know I can't wait to see what she did.

A moment later, Betty comes out of the house, holding her painting as if it were a wet Picasso.

BETTY

Ok, you have to close your eyes!

Doug looks at Trevor and Tammy, and makes sure they're all following the rules. They all cover their eyes, as Betty approaches Doug.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Ok, you can open them!

Doug opens his eyes, and looks down at Betty's painting. It's the kind of thing any parent would be proud of - an "abstract" painting of a family on a farm.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Ok so that's me and that's Daddy and that's mommy and that's you!

DOUG

Betty, this is very impressive!

As Doug looks at the painting, Betty's gaze turns to Trevor.

BETTY

Who are you?

TAMMY

Hey, Betty, remember our manners.

BETTY

Sorry, mommy. Who are you, mister?

TAMMY

This is Uncle Ugg's friend, Trevor. Trevor, this is Betty.

Trevor looks like he's got tears welling in his eyes, but he quickly chokes them back to shake Betty's hand.

TREVOR

Well, hi Betty. It's very nice to meet you. That's a very... cool painting.

Betty eyes Trevor up for a moment before responding.

BETTY

I used red and yellow and orange and brown so it's not supposed to be cool, it's supposed to be warm.

(to Tammy)

Can I go back inside?

Tammy holds out her arm to present the door to Betty. Betty runs into the house. Trevor watches and smiles, and tries to compose himself a bit.

TAMMY

No running in the house!

BETTY

(yelling over her shoulder)

Thanks again for the paint stuff, Ugg!

DOUG

It's official. She's the most adorable tiny human on the planet.

TREVOR

Hold on. Uncle... Ugg?

DOUG

Ha, yeah, she had a tough time pronouncing d's when she was little. As if she could somehow be *cuter*, ya know? Anyway, Uncle Ugg is what came out, and Uncle Ugg is what stuck.

Doug sees that Trevor's eyes look red.

DOUG (CONT'D)

You ok?

TREVOR

Oh, yeah, for sure. Must be the country air. Pollen or something, my allergies have been acting up pretty bad.

(to Tammy)

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Actually, you mind if I use your bathroom for a minute?

TAMMY

Go for it. Straight in, first door on the right past the living room.

Trevor heads inside, but is still in earshot.

DOUG

So where's Fred?

TAMMY

Oh, he had to run into town for some more nails for your project. He'll be back in a few. You should have enough stuff to get you started for now, though.

DOUG

Thanks, Tammy. Send Trevor over when he's out, will ya?

TAMMY

(playfully)
Yessir!

They smile as they part ways, as Tammy heads back into the house, and Doug heads out to the barn.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOKO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the house is exactly what you'd expect from the outside - a Better Homes and Gardens time capsule from 1954. It's clear that this house has been in the family for generations, and doesn't seem to have been redecorated since its first occupants. Doilies are the best.

A toilet flushes, as Trevor steps out of a small hallway powder room (that's fancy talk for bathroom). He notices framed pictures on the walls, and starts to browse. His eyes land on several framed pictures of Fred at various ages, and continue to move across to pictures of Fred and Tammy, then to images of Fred, Tammy and baby Betty, and then finally a few pictures of Fred, Tammy and Betty at various ages.

A moment later, Trevor's eyes land on a picture of a much younger Fred, with what appears to be his mother. A look of recognition starts to pass over Trevor's face, when the sound of the front screen door closing startles him.

FRED (O.S.)
Umm, hello. Can I help you?

TREVOR
(frazzled)
Oh, shit, umm, sorry. So sorry, I'm
uhh, I'm with Doug. I'm Doug's
friend. I'm just here helping with
the barn...

DOUG (O.S.)
Fred! There you are.

Fred turns to see Doug coming in the front door.

DOUG (CONT'D)
Oh, and I guess you've met Trevor.

FRED
No, not officially.

DOUG
Well, Fred, Trevor. Trevor, this is
Fred. My best customer.

Doug winks at Fred, who smiles back. Just then, the sound of
tiny running footsteps is heard approaching.

BETTY
Daddy!

FRED
Hey, now! No running inside, right?

Betty stops short in her tracks, and makes a little game out
of carefully tiptoeing the rest of the way to Fred.

BETTY
No running inside. Right.

She makes it over to Fred, who picks her up and gives her a
big hug. He puts her down, and Fred goes to Doug and gives
him a hug as well. Trevor watches this embrace, and we see a
flicker of both pain and comfort in his eyes.

FRED
Gotcha the extra wood you asked
for. Wasn't cheap, so I hope
pine'll do to finish up the barn.

DOUG
Oh, that'll be fine. Come on,
Trevor. Let's get to earning those
fresh lemonades...

Betty's ears perk up at this last comment. She smiles and starts to run to the kitchen. Fred catches her eye, and she immediately resorts to her playful tiptoeing. When she's out of eyeshot, however, we hear the sound of her running feet again, and the clanging of pots from the kitchen. Off Trevor's complicated look, Doug and Fred start to head out to the barn.

FADE OUT.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - BARN - AFTERNOON

Doug and Trevor work quietly on the side of the barn. Trevor hands Doug wood and nails, as Doug slowly hammers them in. Trevor seems tense.

TREVOR

You like to take your time with those nails, huh? Really get intimate with each swing?

DOUG

No sense in rushing through it, right?

TREVOR

No, not at all. Why would we want to finish any time this century, right?

DOUG

Sorry, I didn't realize you were in a rush...

TREVOR

No, no, take all the time you need. Please.

DOUG

Is everything ok?

TREVOR

Yeah, fine. Fine.

(beat, then)

Looks like you and this Fred are pretty close, huh?

DOUG

Yeah, I'd say so. He hasn't had the easiest go of it, I'm just grateful I've been able to help over the years.

TREVOR

Not easy, how?

DOUG

Well, his father left before he was born. His mom, Lizzie, got married to Billy Rooko when Fred was a baby, but Billy died in a tractor accident not long after, left them the farm. Lizzie passed away when Fred was 18, so Patty and I have really been the only constants the kid's ever had. Thank god for Tammy, but no kid should grow up without a father.

TREVOR

(riled up)

Hey, man, you have no idea why his father left.

DOUG

(taken aback)

I'm just telling you what I know. You asked...

TREVOR

You don't know. You just shouldn't talk about things you don't know.

Doug is clearly confused by this outburst. The two stop talking and just focus on the work at hand.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - BARN - SUNSET

Doug and Trevor are finishing up their work on the barn. They both work in silence. There's an intangible weight in the air, as the two of them start to pack up for the day.

DOUG

I'll say it again, this would have taken me two weeks to finish without your help. Keep it up and you'll graduate from me buying you PBR to something imported.

Doug smiles and looks at Trevor, who seems like he's somewhere else. Without responding, Trevor makes his way to the truck. Doug looks on with concern, and follows.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - DOUG'S TRUCK - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

Trevor sits in the passenger seat, as Doug climbs into the driver's seat. Doug settles in for a moment, but doesn't turn on the truck.

DOUG

You ok?

TREVOR

Yeah, I'm fine. Sorry about that back there. Long day, must be the heat, or years of not exercising. Let's just get outta here, ok?

Doug nods, and starts the truck. He's had his share of tough days, too, and doesn't need to pry. Doug puts a comforting hand on Trevor's shoulder. Trevor nods, and the heaviness of the afternoon seems to lift slightly. The truck pulls away from the Rooko Farm as the sun sets over the fields.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - BEDROOM

The bedroom is dark, apart from a pool of moonlight coming in through the window. An overhead hallway light buzzes to life, as we hear footsteps coming up the stairs.

Trevor makes his way into the room, and over to a pile of dusty boxes on a dresser. He opens several boxes and rifles through them, until he finds what he's looking for. He pulls out an old yearbook from a dusty box, and begins to flip through the pages until he finds what he was looking for - a photo of a beautiful young woman falls out of the yearbook. He picks it up and examines it. The girl in the picture is beaming, and looks to be a few months pregnant. We stay on the image long enough for the audience to connect that this is Fred's mother. Trevor stares at the photo, and flips it over, revealing nothing but a hand-drawn heart, and the name "Lizzie." We hope the audience makes the jump here that OH MY GOD TREVOR IS FRED'S FATHER.

Trevor puts the photo in his pocket, closes the box, and heads back downstairs.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - THE NEXT MORNING

The morning sun still shines softly over the farm, as Trevor's Tesla quietly pulls up to the Rooko Farm.

EXT. ROOKO HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Trevor walks up the steps to the front door, toolbox in hand. From the looks of it, he definitely bought it in the last 48 hours. The brand sticker is still attached and pristine. He knocks, and Fred answers the door. His hair is wet like he just finished getting ready.

TREVOR

(a bit overzealous)

Morning, Fred! Woke up early today, figured I'd get started on the fence since we finished up the barn last night!

FRED

Morning, Trevor. Early riser, huh?

Trevor smiles sheepishly, maybe the first time he's ever done anything sheepishly.

FRED (CONT'D)

Well, good. Can't say I've ever really gotten used to waking up with the roosters, but there's just nothing like watching the world wake up before everyone else gets to ruin it, ya know?

Trevor nods, impressed by Fred's level of introspection on the world. An awkward beat ensues.

TREVOR

Umm, yeah, so I guess I'll get started. Make sure those rabbits know to watch their butts, 'cause ol' Trevor's here to, uhh, you know, stop 'em.

Wow. Fred politely laughs.

FRED

Hey, why don't I give you a hand? It's Doug's day off, and these things always go faster with two sets of hands.

TREVOR

Oh, no, I'll be fine, really.

Fred's already grabbing a tool kit from the front closet.

FRED

Nonsense. Besides, it's a good excuse for me to get to know the guy that rear-ended Doug's classic truck.

TREVOR

He told you about that, huh?

FRED

Oh, yeah. Punched off the side view mirror, too, huh? Hey, at least I know you're thorough.

The two start to make their way around the side of the house. Fred leads the way, and Trevor hangs back for half a moment, watching Fred walk ahead.

EXT. ROOKO FARM - GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Piles of 2x4's and rolls of cage fencing are laid out near a small garden area. Trevor takes Fred's lead, since, well, this is Trevor's first time building a fence.

FRED

So you and Doug were friends in high school, is that right?

TREVOR

I don't know if I'd say *friends*, exactly. More of a boxer-punching bag relationship, if you follow.

FRED

Oh?

TREVOR

I had a lot of growing up to do back then. Now, too, I guess.

A silent moment passes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I gave myself a wedgie.

Fred looks up and raises an eyebrow.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I guess out of context that might sound weird. I just mean, we're better now. It's been surprisingly good to be back home, and Doug's been the main force behind that.

(MORE)

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(beat, then)

But what about you? How long have you known Doug?

FRED

Oh, all my life. Him and my mom were friends from way back. Can't say I really remember a time he *wasn't* around. Dad died when I was a baby, so he's been the only father figure I've ever really had. Was basically my only close family until I met Tammy... I'm lucky.

Fred smiles. A twinge of emotion passes over Trevor. He shakes it off.

TREVOR

Doug's a pretty great guy. Looks like he didn't do too bad of a job with you.

Trevor immediately realizes that he might be getting too comfortable too quickly, but before he can fully overanalyze, Fred responds.

FRED

(introspective)

Ha, he did... he did great. Things could have been a lot worse, for sure. But, they weren't.

Fred continues to work. Trevor shifts gears.

TREVOR

So, Tammy works at the bar, and you... plant small gardens that are under constant attack from small lagomorphs for a living?

Fred laughs.

FRED

Wow, look at you, the city guy knows his tiny farm animal classifications!

TREVOR

Hey, I may have left this town the second I was able to, but I *did* grow up on a farm just down the way there. As hard as you try, you just can't forget shit like that.

FRED

Oh, right! The old Daly place. And yeah, you've got a point - sometimes it does feel like I battle rodents for a living. But really, we have a small crop of organic sweet corn and tomatoes that we sell at the farmer's market every week. I also make the bingo cards for the Lions Club - Betty loves to help with those - so between all that and Tammy's income, we make ends meet. It's not glamorous city stuff - we're not exactly rolling in money - but it gets us all by. We're happy, and we have each other, ya know? Don't really need much more than that.

Fred smiles, and grabs a 4x4. Trevor walks over and helps him place it in the ground.

TREVOR

I suppose you don't.

Trevor takes in the moment, and for the first time it looks like Trevor is at peace. Just then, Tammy comes outside with two mugs. She makes her way over to Fred and Trevor, but we can't hear anything else the group says. The camera pans up and into the sky, and music gently swells.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HARRIETA'S RANCH - AFTERNOON

Trevor stands on a small step-ladder. He pulls little bits of grossness from the storm drains, as Harrietta stands by and swoons. Trevor looks happy.

INT. LIONS CLUB - NIGHT

It's Wednesday, so it must be Bingo night. Jeff turns the Bingo ball cage, as Doris takes her diligent notes. The usual crowd fills the room - it's basically the same scene as last time. Harrietta hides her cards, like a high school exam, from FRANCINE, who sits just behind her.

Fred walks in the front with a fresh batch of Bingo cards. He hands them to Doris, and looks around the room for Doug.

His eyes land on two empty chairs, where Doug would normally be sitting.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A mostly empty pitcher of beer sits on a high top table, as Doug and Trevor play darts. They're both laughing and enjoying themselves. Doug gets serious for a moment, as he starts to line up his shot. Tammy arrives with a fresh pitcher of beer. She exchanges smiles with Trevor, who now just looks like another one of the locals.

EXT. BAR - LATER

It's the end of a very exciting night. Doug and Trevor are the last ones out of the bar, as Tammy exits right behind them and locks up.

TAMMY

You sure you're alright to get home?

DOUG

Oh yeah, I stopped hours ago. In darts, we call it "the long game."

TREVOR

Hey, whatever you need to tell yourself. I'm pretty sure those darts were rigged.

TAMMY

Well, you two get home safe, ok?

TREVOR

Aye, aye, Captain.

DOUG

Thanks, Tammy. You too. Give Fred and Betty hugs.

TAMMY

Aye, aye.

TREVOR

Hey. From me, too.

TAMMY

Yeah, sure, Trevor.

Tammy gets in her car and drives away, as Doug and Trevor make their way to Doug's truck.

TREVOR

Ok, be honest - did you give me janky darts?

DOUG

Trevor, all the darts there are janky. You just suck at darts.

TREVOR

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

Trevor thinks for a moment.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

No, wait, that's absolutely right.

DOUG

Next time, you pick the game, ok?

TREVOR

Does that bar actually have other games?

DOUG

... Scrabble?

The two laugh.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh, and I forgot to say thanks. Fred called me earlier, said you swung over to help with the fences. Harrietta, too - said you were giving me a run for my money, maybe the fastest drain clearer in town. You didn't have to do all that.

TREVOR

Ah, it was nothing. Was all on my way to, uh, you know, where I was going, anyway.

DOUG

Well, I appreciate it, all the same. You keep this up, you might actually turn into a decent guy.

TREVOR

Well, now, let's not get crazy here. We're drunk, not delusional.

DOUG

Fair enough. Come on, let's get outta here.

TREVOR

You know what? It's a really beautiful night. I think I'll walk. Stumble. Maybe a combination. I'll get home myself.

DOUG

You sure?

TREVOR

Absolutely.

Doug opens his side door, reaches into the glove box and pulls out a flashlight. He tosses it to Trevor, who fumbles and drops it.

DOUG

Sorry, couldn't help myself.

TREVOR

Thanks. Tonight was fun.

DOUG

It was. You know, I think Patty would have really liked you. Eventually.

A moment passes, as Trevor starts to walk over to Doug. A beat later, and they're awkwardly bro hugging. Neither of them really know what the hell is happening, but they do their best to make it work for a few seconds. They break away, as Trevor starts to walk away.

TREVOR

You tell anybody I just tried to fucking hug you, I'll burn down this whole town.

(muttering to himself)

No one would believe you, anyway.

DOUG

Walk safe, buddy.

Doug smiles and gets into his truck, as Trevor clicks the flashlight on and starts walking home. We hear the click of the radio dial, as an emotionally appropriate song starts playing (like Guster's "One Man Wrecking Machine").

And then, we're back in split screens.

INT. DOUG'S TRUCK - NIGHT

On the right, Doug drives home. His head slowly bobs to the music, as he looks out the driver's side window screen right at the stars and full moon, blanketing the sky with hope.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

On the left, Trevor walks along the side of an abandoned road. Yellow pools of light drop down from the street lights. He shines his flashlight in random patterns on the ground and in the air, until finally he looks up and to screen left at the stars and full moon (the opposite direction that Doug is looking). He looks content.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME

On the right, Doug pulls in to his driveway and gets out of the truck, exiting screen right.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME

On the left, Trevor walks up his driveway, exiting screen left.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - FRONT PORCH

On the right, Doug opens his front door. He walks in, closes it behind him, and we hear an audible sigh of contentedness. The closed door remains on the screen.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - FRONT PORCH

On the left, Trevor opens his front door. He walks in, closes it behind him, and we hear an audible sigh of contentedness in sync with Doug. The closed door remains on the screen, but a short moment later we hear a shotgun blast.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM - MORNING

Doug remains on the right side of the screen, but there's no split screen this morning.

Doug's alarm goes off. He reaches and turns it off, and swiftly rolls up and out of bed. He glances over at Patty's side of the bed and smiles.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BATHROOM

Doug brushes his teeth, and bends out of frame to spit.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - BEDROOM

Doug buttons his flannel. There's a glint of happiness in his eyes that we haven't seen since the first morning when he woke up with Patty.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - KITCHEN

Doug finishes packing two paper bag lunches.

INT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - LIVING ROOM

Doug walks to his front door, lunches in hand. He grabs the keys off a hook, and confidently leaves his house.

EXT. BRIDGET'S CAFE

This is all one long shot: Doug walks up to the cafe. The Homeless Person isn't there. Well, that's odd. Doug stands next to a nearby bench and checks his watch. From inside the cafe, Bridget notices Doug and heads outside. She timidly walks up to Doug, and tells him something we can't hear. Before she's done speaking, Doug is visibly shocked - it looks like he's just been gut-punched. He drops down to the bench, and slowly shakes his head in disbelief. Moments later, in a daze, he gets up and heads back to his truck. He drives away, as Bridget makes her way back inside the cafe.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY

Doug pulls back up to his house. He sits in his truck and tries to process what he's just heard. Back to split screens.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - LAST NIGHT

On the left, we see Trevor walking, even skipping or gently dancing down the street. He continues to make light patterns with his flashlight.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - NOW

On the right, Doug opens the truck door and steps out, emotionally overcome. He closes the door and just stands still, unable to figure out what he should be doing.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - LAST NIGHT

On the left, Trevor stands at the end of Doug's driveway. He pulls out an envelope, looks down at it and smiles. He looks up and finds Doug's mailbox.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - NOW

On the right, Doug pulls out his cell phone, looks down at it and sees Trevor's number as his last call. Slowly, he looks up and notices that the flag on his mailbox is up. That's strange, it's too early for the mail...

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - LAST NIGHT

On the left, Trevor heads to Doug's mailbox.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - NOW

On the right, Doug heads to his mailbox.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - LAST NIGHT

On the left, Trevor drops the envelope in the mailbox, flips the flag up, and walks off screen left. His exit drags the split screen with him, and the full screen now just remains on Doug.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - NOW

On the right, Doug opens his mailbox and pulls out the envelope Trevor left last night. The split screen shifts so that Doug is full screen, as he opens the letter and starts to read.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Dear Douggie Dig-A-Hole. Kidding!
Sorry, I just had to! Knowing you,
you probably didn't notice the flag
up on your mailbox this morning,
and made it all the way to
Bridget's before you found out...

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

As Trevor's VO continues, we see shots of Trevor's house, now surrounded by police cars, some caution tape, and a few curious neighbors.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I'm not quite sure how this is supposed to go, so I'll just start writing, and hopefully the words that sputter out match up with what I mean.

Officers speak to each other somberly. Neighbors chatter and try to get a peek of what's happening inside.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Never in my life did I expect the end to happen here, at the beginning. When high school was done, I got the hell out of here as soon as I could get gas in my car. I left behind friends and family, some family that never even knew I existed. Leaving seemed like the only option, but it was the start of a series of epic fails that culminated in a life truly unlived, unworthy of the breath I drew. If you told me I was gonna peak in high school, I probably would have just beaten the shit out of you, laughed about it, and gotten drunk behind the bleachers with the rest of the idiots I thought were my friends.

INT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

High school paraphernalia is spread everywhere - open yearbooks, trophies, photos, a letterman's jacket. The camera moves across these items as the VO continues.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I got a natural high from being the best, and I think I spent the rest of my life chasing that high. Every decision I ever made was about being the best, about winning, about looking like I was on top of the world. But nothing ever felt good enough, and that led me down a pretty dark path.

(MORE)

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

You know most of the rest of the broad stroke details, thank god, so I'll just say that chasing the approvals of people that don't actually matter for the better part of 40 years lands you pretty close to the bottom.

As this portion of VO concludes, we notice that some of the decorations in the living room are dotted with blood spatter.

EXT. TREVOR'S COUNTRY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Two CORONERS slowly wheel out a covered gurney.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

I came back here to try to figure out some semblance of who I am, but without a career, without a family, and with a fucking prison record, I was pretty sure I was just coming back to the barrel of a shotgun. And then I crashed into you and Patty, and all that changed.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Slivers of dusty morning light shine into the bar. Tammy opens the door, and starts to get the place ready to open.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

During these past few weeks, you've given me the perspective I needed to be able to head out peacefully. It's a gift I don't think I deserve, but I'm grateful for it. I got here with nothing, and I'm leaving with a friend, my only real friend.

EXT. ROOKO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Fred sits on the front porch with a cup of coffee. Betty adorably tiptoes out the front door, and the two make their way to the bus stop at the end of the driveway.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

And even though I fucked up with Fred and his mom, they ended up turning out just fine...

(MORE)

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
and that gives me comfort,
something I never thought I'd have
in this lifetime.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

At this revelation, a flash of understanding passes across
Doug's face. He keeps reading.

EXT. ROOKO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The camera pans across the incomplete fence.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Sorry I can't be there to finish
that fence, but I'm sure you can
handle it - I gave you a pretty
good head start.

EXT. DOUG'S SMALL TOWN HOME - DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)
Thanks for letting me make it
right. You're a better man than I
was entitled to call friend. Until
the next go-around. - Trevor.
(beat, then)
P.S. - Go see Tammy at the bar.
Call it a parting gift, in case my
self-wedgie wasn't quite enough.

With tears welling in his eyes, Doug folds the letter and
puts it in his pocket. He stands in silent contemplation for
several beats, before he finally shakes himself out of it and
makes his way back to his truck.

INT. BAR - LATE MORNING

Doug enters the bar, and almost immediately makes eye contact
with Tammy. Based on her look, it's obvious she knows - word
travels fast in a small town.

Tammy comes out from behind the bar to give Doug a hug.

TAMMY
I'm so sorry, Doug...

After a few moments, she points Doug back toward his regular
seat.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

He left something for you. Made me promise not to tell you.

Doug looks confused.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Well, go on.

He walks around to the back end of the bar, and as he does he notices a brand new stool sitting next to his. Upon closer inspection, he sees a stenciled etching in the leg of the stool: "IN LOVING MEMORY OF PATTY WELSH." Finally overwhelmed, he sits down onto Trevor's stool as the tears start to pour out.

Just then, Tammy walks up with a box. She places it on the bar next to Doug.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

He also left this. Was all weird and cryptic about it, said I'd know when the right time to give this to you was. I'm assuming now's the right time.

Tammy waits a beat to make sure Doug heard her, and when he gives her a look of recognition through his tears, she gives him a gentle pat on the shoulder and walks away.

Doug looks at the box - it's one of the smaller beat-up boxes from Trevor's bedroom. Doug slowly opens the box, and reveals what's inside - two letters and the keys to the Tesla. The top letter has "P.P.S." hand-written on it. Doug opens it and starts reading.

TREVOR (V.O.)(CONT'D)

All these letters, makes you feel like you're on some crazy quest, right? Ok, so here's the deal. I guess this is kind of my will, so you're legally bound to obey everything in here. Short and sweet, those government fuckers didn't take my parents' house, so this is what needs to happen. I signed over the deed of the house to you, so you're gonna sell it to the highest bidder. Sorry you have to clean up the mess, but with the money you should get, you're gonna do three things. First, a good chunk needs to go to Fred for Betty's college fund.

(MORE)

TREVOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She's smarter than all of us, and I don't want you or Fred or Tammy to worry about giving that little girl everything she'll ever need. Just tell him I appreciated learning how to put in a garden fence. He doesn't need to know anything else about me. Besides, he's already got an amazing dad. The second chunk is for an art scholarship fund in Patty's name. Why do you get to be the only one who gets to appreciate her every day? That's just selfish, Ugg. So make it happen. The third chunk is for the trust fund I set up for you. As an added bonus and a proper fuck-you to *Todd*, I set it up at the bank across town. Fuck that guy, right? So, it's there for you, waiting for a first deposit. It should make you pretty comfortable for a very long time. You're too good of a person to struggle anymore, Doug. You probably won't be getting any pies without me there to butter up the old lady, anyway. And you should probably go on that trip to Hawaii. For yourself and for Patty.

(beat, then)

Be good, friend, and thanks for bringing me back to me. You crying, yet? Yeah, me neither. Enjoy the Tesla. Trevor, out.

Doug closes the box, and continues to gently cry at the end of the bar. He glances down at Patty's stool, smiles, and gets up to leave.

EXT. ROOKO HOUSE - FRONT PORCH

Doug, carrying the small box with him like precious cargo, meets Fred at the bottom of the stairs. A somber but hopeful song plays (like Guster's "X-Ray Eyes"). They hug, and it's clear that Fred has some words of consolation for Doug, though we can't hear what they're saying. They stand for a few moments before finally making their way around the house to the garden to finish working on the fence. Without Trevor, everything is the same, and life goes on, yet the few people who got to know him in this small town are forever changed.

FADE TO WHITE.

SUPER:

In crisis? Text "HOME" to 741-741

We can all help prevent suicide. The Lifeline provides 24/7, free and confidential support for people in distress, prevention and crisis resources for you or your loved ones, and best practices for professionals.

1.800.273.8255

National Suicide Prevention Lifeline (24/7)